TRAIN

The Cee-Ay

By the Students of Columbia Academy

TO GAIN

Volume 6 | Dubuque, Iowa, April 19, 1929 | Number 10

COLLEGE DRAMATIC CLUB SCORE HIT

VERSE CONTEST

Edward Schroeder, long recognized as a poet of superior ability, received first place in the Academy Verse Contest. The prize-winning entry, **The Millers,** which is reprinted elsewhere, is a mute evidence of the poetic insight and tempered fancy of the man who captured second prize last year, and whose subsequent verses have appeared in the Cee-Ay. **The Millers** was picked because of the thought deftly concealed between the lines of an exquisite description.

Second and third places went to Bernard Nash, who proved to be the most prolific, as well as capable, of the blossoming Ariels who aspired to cloud-like ideals in the memorable contest. He entered a total of eleven verses. **The Landscape,** which wins for Nash the silver medal, is hard and almost cruel, yet it draws a remarkable analogy between a scene and a man's character—in that lies its worth. The versatility of Nash is shown in his other laurel-bearing work, **On The Campus,** in which both mood and thought, and likewise impressionism, is entirely different. Here is simply a young poet's view of his school from afar—and that view is like a fine old print.

It is surprising that two men won all honors in the contest, for Schroeder was given a very close fourth place with his **The See Dreamer**—a romantic phantasy of the call of the deep to a boy on the beach. The judges explained that the idea was perhaps less new than that of **On The Campus.** Schroeder's other two entries, **Echoes** and **Memoirs,** received commendation; there is a soft melancholy about them both that haunts. Of Nash's other poems, the judges selected **You, My Puzzling Paradox,** and **Early Days,** as especially meritorious. An interesting contrast is provided in the work of Nash and Schroeder: the former is

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FOURTH AC. HAPPENINGS

The caps and gowns are to be ordered today. The past week or more has been devoted to the task of determining the "chestiness" and "bigheadedness" of the Seniors, and now that all final arrangements have been made, all we have to do is wait patiently for the arrival of these "cloaks of learning." The day of their wearing is approaching and with its nearness comes an eagerness (?)—yes maybe, but down in a hidden spot in our hearts there lurks a sorrow, and a reluctance to leave these "old familiar halls of Fame." The invitations are now in the hands of the printer and will be received in due time.

BOOK DRIVE COMES TO A SUCCESSFUL CLOSE

In a rush of books and magaazines, the book drive ended last Friday. When things were finally settled, it was found that the group headed by Lloyd Jungels, and consisting of Messrs. Botsford, Cruckshank, Even, Frantzen, Hoffman, and Hughes had landed in first place with 3,930 pounds, and Tom Fitzpatrick's bunch came a close second with 3,250 pounds. The profit realized from this drive amounted to $108.25, and nine tons were collected. The money will largely be devoted to the missions, the rest and the valueable books received will be used in developing th Academy library.

The success of this effort is due to the wonderful enthusiasm displayed by the collectors and the able assistance of the committee on transportation. The boarders who worked Friday and Saturday sorting the books and magazines and whatnot should also receive a great deal of credit. The whol eaffair was highly successful, the library and the missions were greatly helped, and the boys who engaged in it acquired quite some experience, not to mention the $7 prize given to the winning group.

HISTORY CLUB NOTES

The last meeting of the American History Club was held on April 12 in the Auditorium. The guest of the evening was Mr. Nordine, local manager of the Bell Telephone Company office, who addressed the Club. The members gave the visitor a vote of thanks for his co-operation in making the meeting a success. The history and development of the telephone were studied through the use of visual aids.

The next regular meeting of the club will be held on Friday evening, April 26, at 7:30 o'clock, members are asked to settle accounts for the year, prior to the meeting. Since the Governor has proclaimed this week "IOWA WEEK" the club will sponsor a special Iowa program at this meeting. Some outside speaker will address the members at this time, on the subject of "Dubuque, and Her Citizens in Early Iowa History." There will be other short talks given by members of the club. The special entertainment will be a one-act play, of the college life type, entitled "Gassed." The club orchestra will be on hand to contribute its share to the program.

WILLGING WINS ESSAY CONTEST

An announcement made yesterday indicates that Herbert Willging, a Senior, and Assistant Editor of the CEE-AY won first place and the gold medal in the Academy Essay Contest. Joe Palen was awarded the silver token of second place, and the entry of Dick Vaughan was ranked third.

Willging's winning essay, "The Period—A Dissertation," illustrates the artistic and grammatical value of the period, and the important part it has played in the making of the language. It is quite informal and of a semi-humorous nature, and the author seems to delight in the ultra-conclusiveness of the period.

Palen's point getter, "Dissertation on the Hole in a Doughnut," is a fine example of the personal essay, that is, it would make fine conversation, and is a piece of work in which the personality of the author protrudes itself in an attempt to tell where the hole in the doughnut goes when the doughnut is eaten. Vaughan's "Youth and Fire" is a personal essay assuming the form of a reverie. The author has projected himself into old age and looks back over

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KODAK CLUB

Clarence Baker won first prize in the Academy Kodak Club's "Snow Scene Contest" which recently came to a successful close. The picture meriting this honor was a view of Dr. Hancock's residence. The picture showed that the photographer used extreme care in picking out a suitable subject and in photographing it.

Second prize went to William Most. His winning picture was a side view of the Academy Chapel taken when the trees were heavily laden with snow.

Melvin McGovern won both third and fourth prize: A view of a small bridge at the Country Club took third place while a picture in front of St. Joseph's Hall received fourth.

Mr. Zedja, who judged the contest, announced the winners at the last meeting. He gave some constructive criticism and congratulated the members of the club on their fine work. He also offered some very helpful suggestions in regard to taking and finishing pictures which the club greatly appreciated.

ORATORICAL SEMI-FINALS TODAY

AT 4:15 IN AUDITORIUM EVERYBODY WELCOME

"OLIVER TWIST"

Last night the student body of Columbia Academy and College were treated to what was by far the best production of the College Thespians to date. No effort was spared by the directors and the cast to make "Oliver Twist" the success it was.

The members of the cast carried their roles in a manner worthy of professionals and everybody, without exception, acted his part to perfection, but the acting of Mann, as Fagan; Kelm, as Nancy; Fitzparick, as Sikes, was the high light of the evening. Mann's interpretation of the Jew surpassed all his previous work on the stage, which is saying a lot. As a character actor he is undoubtedly the best the college has seen in recent years, and perhaps in its existence. Fitzpatrick and Kelm, as Sikes and his wife, surpassed themselves by their vivid portrayal of these underworld characters. These men stood forth with a background of brilliant acting by the remaining members of the cast. All the scenes were well written and acted, but special mention must be given to those in Fagin's Den. They were marvelous.

The Cee-Ay takes this opportunity to congratulate Tommy Rowan and Bob Traub on their initial appearance on Columbia's stage. Both carried their roles well, Traub as Rose, and Rowan in the title role of "Oliver Twist." Congratulations are also in order for Father O'Hagen and his staff for the direction and the handling of the stage effects of the play. The scenery added a vivid touch of realism to the impression created by the actors.

To Father Semper we wish to say that your dramatization of Dicken's novel was indeed a great success, and we have no doubt that you will have the satisfaction of seeing it produced on many stages outside the realms of Columbia. And we join with the entire student body in hoping that this will not be the last of your adventure in the field of play writing.

LAWYYER HOFFMANN TALKS TO FOURTH ACS

Herbert Hoffmann, brother of Father Hoffmann and a partner in the law firm of Kenline, Roedell, Hoffmann, and Tierney, gave a very interesting vocational talk last Friday to those members of the fourth year class who are interested in law. Mr. Hoffmann's discourse was practical and he pointed out the many opportunities that law has to offer. He showed just what things make law as a profession, interesting; and those who had the opportunity of hearing him feel that their time was well spent. We hope to see Mr. Hoffmann again.

THE CEE-AY

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Bernash Nash '30	Paul Newhouse '29	Gordon Saunders '30
John Weidenfeller '31	Joseph Palen '29	Milton Weimer '31
John Fabish '30	Herbert Willging '29	George Toner '30

EDITORIAL

WHAT COLLEGE, SENIOR?

The change from high school to college is an abrupt one, jolting and uncomfortable. For some of us this turn will come very soon, and it is high time we take a minute out and do some pondering on this question of whither next. A large number, no doubt, plan to attend a university. Very well, but consider; the average fellow has just recently learned to study when he leaves high school; he goes to a university, and the seed that has begun to grow is nine times out of ten stamped out—the change is too unexpectedly sudden. To be more specific: the graduate from the Academy in June has a far better chance of making good in higher education right here in Dubuque at Columbia College! And here is the reason—if he has started to make an honest effort in high school, the logical thing is to go where he will not be confronted by many new obstacles to the furthering of that effort. The gap between the grade and the secondary school has been bridged by the junior high—what better way to mitigate the jump to college is there than to continue in the same institution?

But, it is objected, when one reaches college age, one must go away and broaden one's experience at some distant seat of of erudition. And therein is shown the indifference we all have to the things about us. Columbia, though we know it not, is an eminent institution, looked to by the country at large. The arts and science course is rated officially as third in the United States. The pre-law and pre-medics courses are excellent and the list of jurists and physicians—prominent in their field today—who received their early training at Columbia is astonishing and highly instructive. Where to go? Why, at least until you are accustomed to college life, until that high school callowness wears off and common sense has more fully developed, we urge you to go to Columbia! It is, we think, the wisest thing to do. J. D. E., '29

KEANE OAKS

Have you ever taken a jaunt over the hill to Keane Oaks? You know that is really part of the campus and we ought to take advantage of the opportunity of getting intimate with the beauties of nature that surround us. This plot of ground may seem lonely but the ghastly, jutting limbs, silhouetted against the sky are not a true keynote of this woodland.

Tranquil, solitary, and contented stand the oaks, their gnarled trunks curling toward the heavens. The little ravine with its flying gleams of sun, each corner a painting of delicate colors. The rich green grass, the shy violet and dainty fern with a charming setting of pale moss clinging to the rocks make a harmony of tints. You may have seen the place many times before but have you ever pondered on its serenity ?

Here is an exquisite perception of things rare and beautiful. The bright points of color will fill you with a yearning. J. B. N., '30

THIRD PRIZE POEM

ON THE CAMPUS

Bernard Nash

(Impressionism in its finest form—the interpretation of nature—is the striking characteristic of this delicate poem. The writer describes not what he sees, but what impresses him in what he sees, and yet conveys to us "the graceful charm" of the picture.)

As I strolled over yonder hill
I saw the oaks; they were so still.
And 'neath their sombre, jutting limbs,
The violets chanted modest hymns.

The wild ferns hanging from the ledge:
Seemed to make a solemn pledge
Of secrecy, as to my love
Of the dainty flowers and the sky above.

I turned and saw the chapel spire.
Its Celtic cross seemed all afire.
The graceful charm that I beheld
Enchanted me till Angelus knelled.

RANDON READING

Everybody has heard of Baron Munchausen. and in a vague way knows that the name is synonymous with frightful exaggeration, but how many people have read one line of that celebrated gentleman's marvelous tales? This neglect is unfortunate, because **The Travels of Baron Munchausen** is one of the most entertaining books that man has produced. The authorship is still uncertain and very much disputed, and in the splendid introduction, William Rose treats the moot question. **The Travels** abound in humor, which commences in the preface wherein the work is endorsed by Aladdin, Gulliver, and Sinbad! As he tells the story of his sad dilemma when caught between an alligator and a lion, the deep sea and a precipice in the wilds of Africa, or how he tied his horse to a church spire, so deep was a certain section of Russian snow, the Baron is amazed and not a little grieved at the shameless mandacity of others who have retold the same tales, fearing that "my **real facts** may fall under suspicion by being found in company with such confounded invention." The miraculous account is not an utter fiction, and it is a comfort to reflect that there **was** a Baron Munchausen, and that he spent many years in travel.

* * *

Midsummer Night, a phrase significant in old English folklore, is the title of the latest volume of poems by John Masefield. An expansion of the Arthurian legends in which the poet is so well versed, the book gives a slightly new version of the coming and passing of Arthur, of Lancelot, of Modred, Guinevere and the rest. The style is not so "idyllic" as Tennyson's, and the characters are not so veiled in that "pleasingly romantic, nebulous haze" which is typical of the **Idylls of the King,** but they stand out as real men and women in pragmatic circumstances. As poetry though, the older work is far superior, for the poems in **Midsummer Night** are more concerned with the story, leaving the descriptive details to be imagined. It is most refreshing that every poem in the present volume has a different meter and rime-scheme.

* * *

A Passage to India, by E. M. Forster, is one of Grosset & Dunlap's new "Novels of Distinction," which are dollar editions of three and four-year-old books, done in binding as attractive as the originals. Most economical, these glorified cheap editions! This book, of course, deals with the age-old Anglo-Indian problem, but we noted with relief that this one was copyrighted prior to that dizzy spasm of "mother" and "father" Indian books. It seems to us that Peter B. Kyne's line (or was it Kipling's?) "never the twain shall meet" sums up the whole situation, and that is the inevitable conclusion, however they may circumlocute and wrangle, of all the multifarious tomes on the subject. In **A Passage to India,** there is a good picture of that curious anomaly, that sad deterioration of man—the Englishman gone India, euphemistically called the "Anglo-Indian."

FIRST PRIZE POEM

THE MILLERS

Edward Schroeder

(This beautiful little poem receiv first place because it is an unusually lightful allegory. The first stanza hi the unknowing approach to the world the mill. The scientist, the investigat probes the world, discovering that hidden things and the things that la and suffer are the "millers.' This kno edge is sudden—inspiration is witho presage.)

I came to the door
Of the old gray mill,
And asked for the millers:
And the water foamed
And the cold wind groaned
In a jumbled way.

I walked inside
Of the old gray mill
And called for the millers;
While the water foamed
And the cold wind groaned
In a wakening way.

I turned to leave
The old dark mill,
When suddenly I saw,
The water that foamed
And the wind that groaned
Were the Millers!

SECOND PRIZE POEM

THE LANDSCAPE

Bernard Nash

(In these few lines we see a c melancholy scene as of a moor, and just as barren soul of a man with hope. Paradixically, the uninviting co ness of both aspects appeals with loneliness. Such marvelous symboli is rarely expressed so simply.)

The night is my hope
Bleak and cold.
The hills are my fears
Of ghastly mold.
The stars are ambitions
Deep in the sky.
The trees are a prayer.
The wind, my cry.
A cloud is my soul.
Deficient in might,
Basking in rays of
The cold moonlight.
And the earth is my body
Trembling in fright.

POME

Written in Dejection near Rabbit Hollow

Walt Whitman Giederich

(This charming entry was judged animously as the most execrable po in the contest. That is an enviable h or; few can write gloriously terr verse. Consider its rhythmic tang, amazing scope of the poet, the esote undertones of beauty such as Ross attempted to revive in pre-Raphael painting, the strength and vigor o line such as, "is vitality," the Byr self-revelation of its sweeping stan and the prism-perfect imagery—al which prove that the writer never an idea of his life.)

The river is gurgling,
The pidgeon doth coo,
The air is full of fumes
Of vegetable stew.
Coacoanuts are falling
From the family tree
Lionel Strongfort
Is vitality.
My Avalon town
Ye ale Hoose Gow
Your a better man than I am
My country 'tis of thou.
The now is melting
You marshmello float
Do right by our Nell
But don't rock the boat.
The cannons do bawl
I call this "Art"?
Little Annie Rooney
Is my sweetheart.

TENNIS TOURNAMENT IS ANNOUNCED

SPRING SPORTS

Now that inevitable but halting spring has finally come, we find ourselves in the midst of track, tennis, baseball, barnyard golf and other such activities. Certainly with all these attractions there should be enough variety to attract everyone, but such is not the case. Walking down the halls of a noon, one's gaze is greeted by various loungers in such attitudes as to lead one to believe that ether had let loose and these were the results of its ennervating work. This air follows them to the classroom and leads to a deal of unpleasantness from the professors, who have a not uncommon dislike of speaking into blank ears and faces.

To cure this insidious effect we would suggest one of the many outdoor attractions. It requires little skill to run; baseball is a fast, interesting game and there are always two or three games in progress; tennis is a scientific, exciting sport. While you may not be a roaring success as a trackman, and you may be a crossed-eyed tennis player or have butter fingers, still you will get enjoyment and pleasure out of them, so what more do you want?

RETROSPECT

Three ears ago this week, the Dramatic Club closed their 1926 season with "Magic," "The Game of Chess" and "The Little Father of the Wilderness." What we want to know is "Who was the magician who won the chess game and who was the little father?"

Three ears ago this week, the last honor roll of the year was released. There were forty-three honor students with averages ranging from 90.2 percent to 96 percent.

Three years ago this week, Rev. Norman DucKette, colored alumnus, returned to the city.

Two years ago this week it was announced that Coach Elmer Layden ct the College had resigned his position, having signed a contract to coach at Dubuque University, Pittsburgh, Pa. He had played as a member of the famous "Four Horsemen" backfield of Notre Dame.

Two years ago this week the combined forces of the first and second acs. led by Barkley and McGuinn proved too much for the upper classmen. They won with a total of 43 points while the seniors copped second with 42 points. The juniors came in third with 37 points.

One year ago this week Chief Red Fox of the Sioux tribe and personal adviser of Zane Grey appeared in the auditorium. He gave a story of his activities in advising scenario writers of the movies as to the correct surroundings of Indian nature.

One year ago this week it was announced that Ed. Sheehan had been elected to the captaincy of the Gubs.

SPRING FOOTBALL

If you happen to pass by Clark field any day after school you will see what has promises of being one of the best teams that ever played under the name of "the Gubs."

Cretz and Captain Toner are breaking in the new boys but they like to take the knocks and they seem to be a real hard bunch. Well with their two captains as an inspiration they ought to have a wonderful team.

Now to get back to the boys, there are about 40 out every night and they range in size from big Tom Knox to the smaller fellows like Trow. Every evening they work, they go through the regular exercises and have a little punting and line practice, they learn a few fundamentals that are essential to good football and by this time they are ready to go home or to their rooms and rest. You know it's hot work in the sun with all the clothes they wear.

Keep it up fellows you've got the right Academy spirit.

PLAYING INDOOR OUTSIDE

Keeping up with the changing times, the Athletic department has issued its second schedule for soft ball league, since its banishment from the diamonds of our campus. The fourth acs. have been assigned as possible players under three captains, Brede, Collins and T. Kies, who pilot 4C, 4B, and 4A respectively. The six squads thus constituting the major league play every opposing team twice in the course of the season. These games will be supervised by C. Kearney, Dea, Gonner, Wernimont and Tackace, alternating in pairs.

These selected officials, backed by J. I. P., will call them as they see them as will the minor league officials, among them are Sheehan, Marx, Leo, Letko and Bertsch. As a reminder to those unfortunate ones who deem themselves safe after a perfect slide and thus find themselves opposed to the opinion of an official, let it be sufficient to say that always may there be a deference and respect in the attitudes of all players toward these officials even if one must resort to a eulogy on the truthfulness of the adage, "To err is human.'

And, too, perhaps we who stand in the background may appreciate this "diamond courtesy" if by chance we might be selected to fill the place of an absent "separater of balls and strikes."

INDOOR BASEBALL RESULTS

MAJOR LEAGUES

4A.....24 3A.....6

Batteries: Konkoly and Moran; Kies and Leo.

4B.....6 4C.....2

Batteries: Tornai and Collins; Brede and Peryon.

3B.....10 3A.....8

Batteries: Barkely, G. and O'Leary; H. Kies and Leo.

MINOR LEAGUE

2B.....6 2B.....3

Batteries: Pauly and T. Dea; McManus and M. Weber.

TRACK

With the Platteville meet only two weeks off, the galloping Gubs are putting the final touches on their gallops, leaps, tosses, and hoofing in general. Things look pretty nice, and while not optimistic by nature (we never did belong to a Chamber of Commerce) we would say that the team is one of the best to be seen here or anywhere.

Barkley, the big mainstay of the team, is getting faster and faster, which is saying muchly. Collins, the non-stop talker, has transferred his energies to track, and is now within one second of tying the college record for the 440, which enables Janesville to point with pride. Lanigan is slinging the discus hither and yon, the yons being slightly up on the hithers. Many more we could mention, but why bother; the whole team is top hole.

We don't want our dear gentle readers to become too optimistic so we will say that a few good hurdlers would come in right handy as would a couple more performers in the 440 (Collins can't do ALL the work). Outside of this, there is nothing to say, excepting that the Platteville boys played here a week ago and looked very warm, not to say torrid.

CEE-AY BAND

Under the consistent training of Mr. Dovi and with the aid of Father Kelly, the Academy Band is fast molding itself into an organization which will soon be a source of just pride to Columbia.

The musicians, too, are offering their splendid co-operation to the directors and with semi-weekly rehearsals and daily practice much progress is being made by the boys.

As a stimulus to hard work in the line of instrumental practice, prizes have been arranged for, to be presented to the members of the band who practice the greatest number of hours. As a reward to the man doing the most practice during the mouth of April, a Cee-Ay Band pennant has been provided. This pennant is of purple felt upon which are the words, "Cee-Ay Band," a star and the name of the instrument played by the winner, these to be in gold lettering.

For the men practicing most during the first month of the existence of the band, a purple cap, adorned with the band emblem, is the prize.

CEE-AY BROADCAST

New windows and what not have been appearing of late so while we are in the constructive spirit why not buy a carload or two of stoppers for the washroom? No one ever steals the door-knobs, so if there were a stopper for every washbowl no one would steal them. Every door has a door-knob, and without a doubt, the greater number of articles there are of a certain kind, the less risk there is of losing them. Why not try out this idea?

Then, too, a holy water font on each side of the chapel door would be a great convenience and time saver. Some day someone of three hundred students is going to break a leg in the mad scramble if the condition isn't remedied.

TENNIS TOURNAMENT

With the completion of improvements on the Academy Tennis courts within the next week, the annual singles "tournament of the racketeers" will swing into action.

Entries have been completed and the pairings made for this year's competition, and from all appearances the thirty-two contestants will offer a keen brand of play to the tennis-seeking public.

Among other notables who will display their ability at wielding a tennis racket, is the Cee-Ay Champion of 1928, Bill Leary. Bill will defend his title against stiff competition this year.

The pairings for the first round follow: K. Koester vs. S. Lawson; E. Sheehan vs. J. Neillson; R. Barkley vs. H. Vaske; E. Wehlage vs. R. Nash; A. Bertsch vs. H. Melchior; F. O'Connor vs. V. McAleece; C. Hinckley vs. T. Hitchcock; T. Knox vs. J. Leo; F. Marx vs. Ken. Eulberg; H. Kies vs. L. Quinlan; D. Eagle vs. W. Vallie; J. Palen vs. A. Kerper; H. Willging vs. D. McKenna;; R. Vaughan vs. Ker. Eulberg; B. Nash vs. A. Dixon; J. Doolan vs. B. Leary.

THREE MORE WEEKS

Only three short weeks before the finest Purgold in the history of Columbia makes its debut.

Father Streigle and his co-workers are working feverishly on the Academy section so that it will be on time, and at present things look very hopeful. The winter has seen several of the many cuts that will grace this year's Purgold and it certainly promises to be a worthy product of the school which it represents.

There will be several novel features the nature of which has not yet been announced for publication. However, you can rest assured that they will be something new and out of the ordinary.

Those who have not subscribed for the annual are asked to do so in the very near future so that the staff will know how many to order and that no one will be neglected.

Fourth Ac's in particular are urged to buy a Purgold, for unlimited pleasure wil lbe yours in future years when you take the old book from the shelf, dust it off, and enjoy the joys and friendships of your high school days.

Hand in your order today to Father Streigle.

ACADEMY CHOIR

With the concert presentation a past success, the Academy Choir is now preparing to give an exhibition during National Music Week, to be held the week of May 5. This appearance will be made in the College Gymnasium in conjunction with the appearance of all the Academy choral units of the city.

Besides the selection which will be presented by the Academy Choir under the direction of Father Kelly, a few numbers will be sung in mixed voices, by the boys together with the Glee Club of De Sales Heights Academy. This promises to be a very novel fete for the public.

2nd Prize Story

By KERMIT EULBERG

THE INNOCENT

It was dusk. That quaint old French city of Passey was already enveloped in darkness. The flickering lights of the city were put to shame by the clear light of a silver moon, that was wending its way into a diamond spotted heaven. The night was most beautiful and its beauty was not unobserved.

High in the battlements of an old stone castle sat its silent observer, his pale face and dreamy eyes turned up to heaven in admiration. He was dreaming perhaps of the joy of another life in those heavens above him. For what joy had he? he was a cripple. His small body had reached a stage of ugly deformity. To the people of Passey he was known as the "Innocent," but to some of the civil minded persons who knew him, he was "Jean, the dwarf of Passey."

As Jean sat perched upon the battlements he was aroused by the sound of clattering hoofs in the courtyard below. Peering down through the darkness, he could discern the figures of mounted soldiers leading a prisoner. A crowd was already swelling and Jean's eyes followed the prisoner with a sort of pity. "Poor wretch" he mused as he watched them disappear into darkness toward the west tower.

Along many dark, stone passages, through many stone doorways, and across three or four courtyards, the soldiers conducted their prisoner, finally halting before a low steel door, which one soldier unlocked with a huge key. He was then led down a narrow passage into a semi-circular cell of no great size, but of considerable height.

"Your guest room," mumbled the jailer as he released the prisoner of his handcuffs. "And there's straw for your bed."

"It ill becomes a guest to complain of his treatment," retorted the prisoner, with a wry smile.

"Ay, that idea of a guest room was cleverly thought of," observed the jailer with a grin, "but perhaps you could hardly sense the full humor of it. This is the West Tower and it's usually the last lodging a man needs this side of the grave."

"Is that so?" spoke out the prisoner, with but little personal concern.

"Yes, went on the jailer, "and it's but a short walk to the yard we crossed last. It usually happens there." And he made a downward sweep with his arm.

"Ax or sword?" questioned the prisoner.

"Sword, unless they will hang you for a special example. They usually hang them over there," said the jailer pointing to the huge castle gate.

With something like a salute, deference to the prisoner's courage, the jailer departed and the key grated harshly in the lock, leaving the prisoner alone. His loneliness was brief, for a sudden shadow seemed to flit through the chamber, and a new stealthy sound startled him. Instinctively he drew back, that whatever enemy might be near should have to face him and could not take him off guard.

Standing on the outside ledge clinging onto the bars of the cell and peering in was a figure that might well startle the bravest of men. The prisoner shuddered at the sight of that figure in the dim moonlight. He was scarcely four feet tall, his hair was long, a thick scar crossed his wrinkled cheek, and whiskers completely covered his face. Head, feet, and hands were the size of a powerful man, the body was small like that of a child, and its oddly twisted form somewhat revealed abnormal strength. For fully three or four minutes he gazed into the dark cell striking something of horror into the heart of the lone prisoner.

"Who are you? What do you want?" the prisoner choked out nervously. "Are you the devil already come to rob an innocent man of his soul before he meets his death?"

The dwarf turned quickly toward him with his finger to his mouth. "Hush! It's only friend Jean. Do me no wrong. I am no devil. Be not afraid, for I am your friend, come to help you. Tell me only, that you are my friend and I will help you, for I have no friend. The people they like me not."

"But how came you here?" inquired the prisoner.

"It is my home," replied the dwarf. "I sleep in this cell many times. Who cares where I go? In the church, in the palace where there's feasting, anywhere. I don't count. I am an 'Innocent' they say. I know nothing. Who cares what Jean does, or where he goes?"

"But pray tell me if you sleep in this cell, how do you get in?" said the prisoner.

For a reply the dwarf lifted one of the bars from its socket and laid it carefully along the window ledge. He grasped two of the remaining bars, and with the agility of an ape swung himself into the cell. All this was amazing and seemed almost unnatural to the prisoner.

Having seated himself beside the prisoner upon the straw bed, the dwarf produced from underneath his loose-fitting garment a priest's cassock and cloak, with a hood.

"Before you are to escape you must tell friend Jean why you are here."

"I am a stranger in Passey," said the prisoner. I had come here to see my friend, but they told me he was slain. He was a guard in the castle, so I came to inquire of him. But one soldier pointed to me and shouted, 'Spy,' and then many soldiers laid rough hands on me, and here I am, innocent of any crime."

"They give you no trial in Passey. The people they love to see blood. They are dogs," said Jean. "They make much sport of me. They have no hearts."

Time was slipping by and Jean and the prisoner were impelled to work with swiftness.

"Ah," sighed the dwarf, after the prisoner was concealed in the robes of the church, "you are much like the chaplain, friend. He comes down to administer the rights to those who are to die. and he is not particular to the time of the night, for many are the times he is called after dusk."

The chimes of the castle were ringing out the hour or two in the morning, and a silver moon was high in the heavens. Its rays did not escape the huge grey south tower nor did they escape the courtyard below, where a tall cloaked figure, evidently that of a priest, and a small dwarf were making their way. The two figures halted before a tiny gate.

"This is called the postern door," said the dwarf. "It is seldom used. From here you will be able to make your way safely and leave the city. I have a friend waiting about one hundred yards from this gate with a horse, and you will be able to leave the city with swiftness. You must hurry."

"But how will I repay you for your kindness, my friend?" said the prisoner. "I have not money to repay you, I am poor."

"I do not want your money," said Jean, "just tell me you are my friend, for I have no friends."

"You are not only my friend," said the prisoner, taking Jean by the hand, "but you are more than a friend you are my life-saver."

"To-morrow the 'Innocent' will know nothing of this magic escape," chuckled the dwarf to himself as he watched the departing prisoner disappear in the darkness.

The next morning the City of Passey was quaking with the news of a "magic escape" from the dungeon of the West Tower. All was excitement. The soldiers themselves were amazed, and described the prisoner they had locked up as a "supernatural being." Little did they dream that the "Dwarf of Passey" was the magician who affected that magic escape from the chamber of death. In fact little attention was paid to him as he sat, his legs crossed under him, twidling his thumbs.

Many stopped and made fun of him, while some pitied him saying, "The poor devil, he is in one of his dreaming fits again. He knows naught of what has taken place." But Jean was now happy, his life had paid. He had saved a life and gained a friend. In return to the jeers of the sneering and pitying mob, he merely lowered his head and mumbled, "Laugh, you fools, laugh, for what do I know of an escape? I am an Innocent."

LORAS NOTES

The w. k. honor roll didn't look so robust this time. The chief excuse given is the pleasant weather and post-lenten let-down.

Louie Fautsch ,our most popular rescuer, has spent a busy week endorsing cigarettes and snowshoes.

Since the advent of baseball, Jack Ryan has been gaining rapidly the reputation of being the best-looking player in the league. His only real rival is Eustace Brennan who plays right field and wears a whoopee hat.

This being the day of testimonials, Salat steps forward and endorses the telephone at the Economy Drug Co. (Advt.)

A tennis tournament is being staged up here to determine the best players. Jake Eulberg has already been chosen the best looking of them.

Father Loosbrock, who conducts a well known class in room 242, has also been experiencing bad health but he is now back in the saddle.

VERSE CONTEST

(Continued from page 1)

lilting, springlike, Shelleian; the la ter is sad, wintry, Poe-like, and bo have drunk of—what fountain is i

Herbert Willging, Edward Pale and John Evans were awarded ho orable mention. Willging entered s verses—mostly in vers libre— which **Ode to a Robin,** a blithe litt piece, and **Radiator,** a touching p em voicing a universal truth, occ sioned praise. **The Desolate Chi** and **To My Mother,** by Palen, bo show some of Schroeder's sadnes and are written in excellent rim couplets. Evans entered **Sonnet the Shakespearean Manner,** whi was remarked for its grand style.

The poetry contest, begun on last year at the casual behest of Cee-Ay Broadcast, has grown extr ordinarily in popularity and in th originality and worth of the compe ing versus. The writer himself c testify, from going over the pri winning poems, as to how intere ing and pleasant they were, eve one. The fact that over sixty poe were entered—and most boys fro on poetry—shows that the Muse not lost to the youth of today.

WILLGING WINS ESSAY CONTES

(Continued from page 1)

his youth in the terms of the fire the grate.

Winners Repeat

Honorable mention was given Willging on another piece, "Music to Joe Palen for "Ashes—A Fa tasy"; to Angelo Kerper for "A D fense of the Modern Collegia Styles"; and to Joe McNally f "With Radio."

Special mention is given to Pa

Special mention is given to R Turnis's "The Moon"; Joseph W berding's "Education at Columb Academy"; William Ziepprecht "Ants"; William Most's "Aurora" Howard Lynch's "Over a Do Tail"; and to John O'Rourke f "Time."

Many Entries

The number of entrants was la er than it has been in past year Forty-nine essays were submitte most of them by members of th fourth year classes. It may be i teresting to note that all the wi ners of prizes and honorable me tion are Seniors. It is possible th this has occurred because of t fact that the essay is the product a certain maturity of thought whi the younger writers do not posses

DRESS PARADE

Kies, Tom—Big boot and shoe ma from Rose Street. Plays footba and sits behind Bergener. Arti and tract man de luxe. The "Joh McGraw" of the 4A Indoor Tea Quiet fellow.

Kolck, Dick — Editor - in - chie thinks Physics is "terribly silly, do cherknow, old deah," plays cowbo and chess, tells foolish jokes an picks on Fitzpatrick and Trexle Nice guy of whom there is n whicher.

Konkoly, Steve—Big gun ma from E. Chicago; reads "Two Harry," "The Boy Cattle Rustlers o the Plains." Likes the Buick. B lieves in "free silver" and ma general whoopee on the footba field.